

Man is capricious, jealous, free,  
Vain, insincere, and trifling too,  
And yet the women all agree,  
*For want of better—he must do.*"

One evening, as lately I stray'd by the wave,  
While the sun in his sen-bed was sinking to rest,  
A sigh and a thought to my heart-dear I gave,  
And thus told the secret that burned in my breast :  
"I love—but alas ! am I loved in return !"  
When Echo repeating, said—"lov'd in return."

With rapture, I answered—"Sweet daughter of air  
Thou hast brightened my mind with the light of thine  
Thou hast streamed like a meteor of joy o'er my cell.  
And tenderly whispered me hope from thy cell.  
Yet tell me, lone maid, if there's trueness in man  
Lo echo sighed softly—"there's trueness in man."

Out of breath, I exclaimed—"O, but tell me of this  
And I'll fondly believe it is Heaven that I hear ;  
O tell me thou babbler, thou handmaid of bliss,  
O tell if my lover be warm and sincere :  
O tell me, I pray, if he's fervent and true ?"  
Kind Echo made answer—"he's fervent and true."

"Thanks, thanks, dearest Echo, for all I have heard,  
And now, ere we part, thy *best tidings* express:  
'Tis the *last time* of asking; so wait me a word  
That is spelt with a Y, with an E, and an S,  
*Shall I soon be a bride?*—tell me quick, No or Y  
And echo, dear Echo, *distinctly* said "YES."

THE MANAGER AND THE MELODIST.  
It no doubt lives in the recollection of most readers, that just before the arrival of Madame M. this season, the lessee of the two great theatres

notice to that effect was, in consequence, posted in the Green room of both theatres, with an intimation that any performers desirous of treating for the season should send in their proposals on or before a certain day. Many complied, but few were engaged.

so happened, that a certain tenor singer, who at his services could not be dispensed with, took the least notice of the aforestated intimation, and used no small uneasiness to the great lessee. During the performance, the manager th

'I canna do that'—said the wily Scotchman, 'Alfred, I am *just a going* on the stage.'

'Why, man, you have plenty of time to hear me to say, before you are wanted; so come and bid the manager.'

'Nay, nay, I cannot budge now, Alfred; I never keep the stage waiting.'

'Well, then, come to me when the scene is over.'

'I shall not neglect your bidding, Alfred,'—and of the scene sure enough *Mr Falsetto* walked the *sanctum sanctorum* of the mighty manager. 'Sit down, John, sit down, I'm glad you're com-

"Well, John, I suppose I may reckon on your services for the after-season—although you have not time to apply for an engagement. You know I have engaged Malibran at an enormous salary, and I cannot expect to sing with her in the fall."

That may be *aw vary* true, Alfred, but I have  
 ns to visit my *ain* country, where I shall be  
 make a good sixty *poonds* a week, and you  
 ve only eight *poonds* from you. do ye see?"

It's *na* use, Alfred, I must visit my *ain* ; I can make sure of sixty *poonds* per week.' Sixty devils to make a baby of!—are you

Yes, Alfred, nearly so—at the thoughts of my  
mauld Scotland and the certain sixty per v  
you must make up your mind just to do w  
This was impossible, she could not do this.

his was impossible—who could play his part in *Annambula*?—Wilson was engaged at the Ebra House—and there was no other opera ready great Malibran, who was engaged for certain ready announced, at an enormous salary. Some-est be done, thought the great house, and that on

Well, John, if you will defer your trip until the librarian's engagement, I will act nobly, and make you fifteen pounds a-week. I *can* do it, Alfred, it would be just robbing me to see; but since you are so *very* anxious for me,

'The manager nearly sank 'through one of his shoes at the enormity of the demand. John had his hand on the door

Stay—stay,' cried the despairing manager. I *cannot* just *now*, Alfred, for the stage waiting; so I give you until to-morrow to think over it.

to make the best of a bad bargain, he boldly of Scotchman twenty-five pounds per week, a prudent man, was too good a judge to refuse *London paper*.

**Reform and Retrenchment.**—"Why have you shaved your mustachios?" asked a friend of Mr. Sherwood, on his last appearance, "smooth shaven meadows are in June." "Too expensive, too expensive," replied the bridegroom, with the determination of a family man—"could not support them."

**FRAY HORSE.**—Left at the subscriber's stable, Charles st., on the night of Tuesday last, a bay horse with a short switch tail—had on a chain harness—the collar of which was fastened to a nail in the wall. The horse was found by a neighbor, who called on the subscriber, and was taken to the stable. The horse was found by a neighbor, who called on the subscriber, and was taken to the stable.

RECEIVE THE SAME, BY PAYING CHARGES, ON APPLICATION  
\* NEWELL FOW  
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